pointing to the two cards, "y' want t'

"Well, wich is wich?" inquired the ice-

"Ah ain't guilty," replied the janitor.
"Yo' all whistle 'em bofe an' find out."

Complications.

The iceman blew a mighty blast into

both of the tubes, and then clapped the

cake of ice on to the dumb waiter. In less

than two seconds two feminine voices

"What is it?" the two voices inquired in

"Who's it for?" inquired the two voices

"T. Jackson," yelled back the iceman.

"Which one?" unreasonably inquired the two feminine voices in one breath. "Give it up, ladles," replied the iceman,

and he started to pull at the dumb-waiter

rope.
"Is it five or ten cents' worth?" inquired

"It's mine, then," called down the owner

of the voice at the second floor.
"Oh, it doesn't belong here, I'm sure!

piped the voice at the third floor. "A nickel's worth of ice, indeed! Huh!"

"I don't keep my refrigerator cluttered up with nasty things to drink, you know,

Mr. Iceman," said the owner of the second-floor voice amiably, and then both dumb-

waiter doors were slammed to with a bang.

Ten minutes later the market boy slouch-

ed into the basement with his basket. When

he looked over the cards and saw the names of the two T. Jacksons he, too, blew

into both tubes with all his might, and

again the pair of feminine voices piped "Well?" down the dumbwaiter shaft.

When the Meat Came.

"Meat!" bawled back the market boy. "Who's it for?" inquired the two feminine

"T. Jackson!" hallowed the market boy.

The boy dumped the package of meat on to the dumbwaiter and yanked away at the

rope. He stopped pulling when the dumb-waiter had reached the second floor.

"Why don't you send that meat up here

to me?" was funnelled down the shaft

from the third floor, but the boy had gone

being wise after the manner of most mar-ket boys.

"Because it's mine," replied the second-

floor voice; "that's why."
"It's no such thing," came from the third
floor. "My husband ordered that steak on

"Oh, really, I beg your pardon, madam," came from the second floor. "I have made a mistake. It does belong to you. I've

opened the parcel, and it's chuck steak, and goodness knows that we don't have to

eat such—"
"It's nothing of the sort, chuck steak, if

to belongs to me," sharply interrupted the possessor of the third-floor voice; "and you will oblige me greatly if you will just send that meat up here this minute, and

hereafter you will be good enough not to open my packages, and—"

open my packages, and—
"Ha! ha! Well, you may pull it up yourself if you want it," merrily interrupted the
owner of the second-floor voice. "I am not
aware that I have any contract to attend to

the dumbwaiter for the rest of the tenants."

And then the second-floor dumbwaiter was slammed to again with a vicious bang.

Mail for T. Jackson.

Fifteen minutes later the postman reached

the vestibule. He had a letter, addressed

When he glanced over the cards

in a bold, masculine hand, for "T. Jackson,

above the two letter boxes he gave a start and pressed his free hand to his forehead,

as some men do on the morning after. He

pondered for a moment, and then he pushed both of the Jackson bell buttons. A succession of clicks announced that the "open sesame" had been given from both of the flats. This, however, was, of course, not what the postman wanted so he shouted into both tubes, "Letter for T. Jackson." Then he walked into the hall and ascended the stairs to the second floor to investigate.

the stairs to the second floor to investigate. The proprietress of the second-boor flat,

a dusting towel around her head, met the postman at the head of the stairs.

there?' inquired the postman, still hang-ing on to the letter and looking as if he rather enjoyed the situation.

Trouble for the Postman.

"I only know about one T. Jackson," put

in the second-floor Mrs. Jackson, "and he's

my husband. That letter's addressed to

"Do you actually suppose, madam," frig-

his way to the office this morning, and-

"What kind of meat is it?" inquired the

mine, then-just send it right

roices, this time raucously.

two voices above hoarsely.

"Steak!" yelled the market boy.

ip," said the two voices at once.

sounded down the dumb-waiter shaft.

"Ice." shouted the iceman.

the two voices, still together.

"It's a nickel piece," yelled ba

together.

switch that brand o' gin you're usin'."

man, a little more deferentially.



assist digestion. It goes without saying that spices should be pure. On this account in making the various pickles and relishes that are just now timely it is better to use the whole spices or else grind them yourself. If you do not care to use your coffee mill, small spice mills come on purpose-pretty ones to be used at the table or less ornamental ones for the kitchen.

To most people pepper is pepper, simply differentiated into black, white and red. There is, however, a great difference in peppers even of the same color.

shipped. Singapore pepper, grown in the Malay peninsula, constitutes the larger portion of all the pepper raised, and is the lish with roasted meat. portion of all the pepper raised, and is the highest priced by reason of its dark color and fairly uniform quality. The only objection to Singapore pepper for grinding purposes is the smoky odor which it retains to a considerable extent even after grinding. It is this test that the merchant applies when he wishes to be certain he is getting genuine Singapore. This smoky odor is due to the fact that the pepper and odor is due to the fact that the pepper and gambler plantations in Johore, from which most of the Malay peppers come, are under one management, and the pepper picked while still green is dried on mats placed over the kettles in which the vegetable extract is being boiled down. It is, however, one of the cleanest of peppers and, there-

ore, to be commended. Nearly all the other grades of black pepper are sun-dried and of a light brown color. Lampong pepper, which comes from Sumatra, is the cheapest of all peppers, and its surface always shows considerable dirt even when it is not otherwise adul-

White pepper is the same as black, but its manufacture is a distinct and separate removed by friction. Sometimes ordinary

own gardens. Commercial cayenne is frequently subjected to the grossest adulterations. Red lead and vermillion or sulphuret of mercury are the worst of materials introduced, and cases of lead and mercurial poisoning have been traced directly to them. They are added to keep up the color, which is apt to fade with age, and at the same time increase. rectly to them. They are added to keep up the color, which is apt to fade with age, and at the same time increase the weight. Ocres are also employed for the same purposes. Other materials in common use as pepper adulterants are pepper shells and the sweepings of the mills, the refuse of wheat, corn and rice, ground olive nits. the sweepings of the mills, the refuse of wheat, corn and rice, ground olive pits, co-coanut and almond shells and mustard husks. The passage of the recent pure food laws will, partially, for a time at least, prevent the gross adulteration that has characterized the pepper trade, but it is still a good plan to use as far as possible still a good plan to use as far as possible home-grown peppers. Paprika or the Hungarian sweet pepper is preferred by many good cooks and bon vivants to any other form of pepper, while Jersey people and Philadelphians cling and with reason to

A trip at this season through the Italian quarters of any city discloses great ropes of scarlet chilis swinging and fluttering from every window, where they have been hung to dry for winter's use. This custom American cooks are now beginning to com-

In Chinatown still other peppers are found, tiny red and green ones, that come braided together. These are especially desirable for soups and garnishes. Cooking softens them too much to render them de-sirable, so if a hot sauce is required they are chopped and added just before serving, the seeds being rigorously excluded.

kuife scrape out all the seeds and soft fiber, leaving only the shells. Now chop as many butternuts, black walnuts or English walnuts as are desired, salt lightly and fill the pepper cases, which should have been all slit on one side so as not to destroy the pretty stem end of the pepper. The salt, the pepper and the nut make a delicious combination sure to please. These pepper garnishes should be prepared sev-

In the putting up of home-made pickles this month—and where is the housewife who does not dote on making her own supply of these delicacies?--the pepper plays an important role. Old-fashioned mangoes are especially popular, and mangoes made from the firm, green bull-nosed peppers are among the best. The mild Spanish peppers should not be used in pickles, although they are delightful as a vegetable or in salads The bull-nosed pepper is a much darker green and stronger in flavor. Soak them for twenty-four hours in a brine, not too strong. Cut a slit in one side, or cut off one end, saving it to serve as cover. Chop enough firm, white cabbage to fill the cavities, it is impossible to give the exact amount. Use with it, if you prefer, a quarter part of chopped celery, green cu-

cumbers or green tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt and let it stand for three hours. Drain. Allow one small onion, half a teaspoonful of whole mustard seed and three or four nasturtium seeds or capers to each pint of the chopped vegetable and season to taste with cloves, cinnamon, allspice, ginger, pepper, salt and celery seed. Moisten with two or three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and fill the peppers with this paste. Fit in the pieces that were removed and tie firmly with fine twine. Place the peppers in a pre-While constant and unlimited indulgence in highly spiced foods has been proven disastrous to health, it is equally true that condiments and spices judiciously employed a month they will be ready for the table. For those who prefer a sweet pickle filling, sugar is added to the vinegar when it is scalded. A pretty fancy is to put in each pepper along with the stuffing a tiny curumber, a wee whole onion and a lilliputian

> Red Pepper Sweet Pickle.—Soak the peppers in boiling water about twenty minutes, then lay in cold brine over night to draw out the crude juices of the vegetable. Cut in thin slices, discarding all the seeds and stringy pulp, and make into a sweet pickle precisely as pears, apples or peaches

A standard formula for this is three The commercial grades of black pepper alone are Singapore, Allepey, Tellicherry, Trang. Acheen and Lampong, named from the province or port from which they are shipped. Singapore pepper, grown in the

Mixed Pickles.—Slice a quart of large green cucumbers in cubes, a quart of green tomatoes in the same way, four large green peppers in coarse bits and one large cauliflower in tiny flowerets. Add a quart of little cucumbers, not more than two inches to large the length and a quart of white button in length, and a quart of white button onions, and cover with a weak brine, allowonions, and cover with a weak orine, allowing about a cup of salt to a gallon of water. Let them stand twenty-four hours, then put in a porcelain kettle and bring to a scald in the same brine. Drain thoroughly and return to the same kettle rinsed free from salt. Make a paste of six table-spoonfuls of ground mustard, one table-spoonful of tumeric, a cup each of sugar and flour and two quarts of good cider vinegar. Mix the dry ingredients first with a egar. Mix the dry ingredients first with a little of the vinegar, then add the remainder. Put the spiced vinegar in the kettle with the pickles, stir until the whole mixture scalds and thickens, then seal in glass jars or wide-mouthed bottles. This is good within a day or two, but better in the course of a few weeks. It must be borne in mind that this pickle or any other that process. The berries are allowed to ripen, has green peppers in it must be thoroughly are then soaked and the shell or pericarp cooked. A half-cooked pepper will burst any jar.

Chile Sauce.—Scald 100 large ripe tomators and skin. Chop fine, together with two dozen large white onions and eighteen two dozen has been carried.

Cayenne pepper is obtained from the capsicum, a genus of plants beionging to the nightshade family, which has no relation to the real family of peppers. While there are four varieties of species, two only are of commercial importance—the commercial importance

celery in small pieces, shred two heads of white cabbage and slice twelve large green

Mystery .- A specialty with one of the olddently been run through one of the patent grinders, and green tomatoes, peppers and celery seed are among its pronounced in-gredients. Business men near 23d street always sing its praises, and many of them have tried to get the formula of its preparation for their wives. They have never been successful, however, as that is evidently one of the trade secrets. Hence its name. Possibly the nearest approach to this favorite pickle is the following: Run one peck of green tomatoes, six me-dium-sized white onions and nine small

green peppers through a meat chopper, stir stand twenty-four hours. Drain, put on vinegar enough to cover and cook half an hour. Add one-half pint of vinegar, one-Stuned Peppers for a Salad Course or Garnish.—Take the tiny sweet peppers, red or green, and with a small sharp-pointed knife scrape out all the seeds are larger than the salad course or half pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of celery seeds are two tablespoonfuls of celery seeds are larger than the se cloves and a half pint of grated horserad-

> Green Pepper Catsup.—Take the seeds from ten pounds of bullnosed peppers and lay the peppers in a porcelain-lined kettle holding about five quarts. Add four large onions chopped fine and a tablespoonful each of freshly ground cloves, allspice and mace. Pour in vinegar enough to nearly fill the kettle. Set aside to cool, keeping the kettle covered. Rub through a puree sleve, bottle and cork tightly.

> > Quality.

"Why shouldn't they be in society?"
"Well, I don't know. They—"
"Certainly their money is as good as any-

A Speaking Likeness.

Mrs. Fondmar: "Don't you think baby grows more like me every day?" Fondmar: "Yes, dear, especially so since

The Evening Star Patterns. Girl's

she began to talk."



Suspender Dress.

No. 4594-Frocks for the little maidens just now emphasize the popularity of the suspender suits. The full blouse and boxpleated skirts are both youthful and generally becoming.

A pleasing design is here shown in blue serge skirt and straps and white challie blouse. The blouse is made with fullness at neck and shoulder, which insures a good

The skirt is circular, but made in two sections, so as to overcome any tendency to 'sag." The skirts are worn with waists of the same material or with wash waists. The latter is a good idea for school wear, as they can be easily "tubbed."

Thus with one blue serge skirt and half dozen different waists the little school girl will, to all appearances, have a most extensive wardrobe.

A charming development for a dark-haired miss would be of red Sicilian, using white Louisine silk for blouse. Cottons, linen, mercerized fabrics, cashmere, serge and a combination of plaid and plain materials are suggested.

Sizes-5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12 and 14 years. Price, 10 Cents.

Pashion Department, The Evening Star, Washington, D. C.: For the 10 cents inclosed please send pattern to the following address: Pattern No. 4594 CITY AND STATE.....

Arising Out of a Similarity of Names.

TOO MUCH JACKSON

LED TO ALL SORTS OF COMPLICA-

In a Mount Pleasant Apartment House -How It All Came

Written for The Evening Star. If it hadn't happened that the Christian

name initials of the two Jacksons were the same the two Jackson families might never have come into conflict at all. T. Jackson, with his wife, palpably new furniture and Boston bull pup, moved into

a second-floor flat of a new Mt. Pleasant apartment house on September 1. T. Jackson, with his wife, obviously justbought furniture and skye terrier pup, moved into a third-floor flat of the same apartment house-the flat directly above the

other Jacksons-on the same day. Each T. Jackson pasted a neatly handprinted and properly trimmed card above the glass front of his vestibule letter box on taking possession of his flat. The janitor was the first to notice the names when Jackson No. 2 had placed his



For T. Jackson.

name slip above his letter box. The janitor went up to see Jackson No. 2 about it. "Boss," said the janitor, "de gemman below yo' all has got de same name as yo',

"That so?" said Jackson No. 2. "Well, you might as well let him stay as long as he pays his rent."

The janitor scratched his wool nervously, "But, suh, dey's don li'ble t' be a mix ef Philadelphians cling, and with reason, to a small cup, and accompanies all chops, dem two names stays up dat-a-way," he the little red Jersey sweet peppers. steaks and roasts. The materials have evisaid, apologetically. "How bout for all puttin' yo' full name on yo' cahd, suh?"
"Not much will I," said Jackson No. 2 positively. "T. Jackson is good enough for me. I make a living and pay my rent as T. Jackson, and T. Jackson suits me all right. What's the matter with the other fellow putting the extension on the "T" on his card?"
"Well, suh, he all moved in fust, yo' see,"

suggested the janitor. More Trouble Ahead.

"That don't dissolve any mergers or things with me," stubbornly replied Jackson No. 2. "You go and see him." The janitor clomped down the stairs and rapped on the door leading to the flat of

Jackson No. 1.
"Mistuh Jackson," said the janitor when Mistun Jackson, said the janitor when Jackson No. 1 came to the door, "de gemman whut moved above yo' all t'day is named T. Jackson, suh, jes' lak yo' all. It's dat-a-way on his lettuh box."

"Is, hey?" said Jackson No. 1. "Well, there's nothing lying around loose in the halls that can be swined is there?"

halls that can be swiped, is there?"
"But how bout de mail, suh?" inquired
the janitor, mopping his brow. "De lettuh man'll git mixed up, suh. How can he all soht out de lettuhs?" "Well, that's up to the postman," said Jackson No. 1. "I don't get any letters at my home address to amount to anything. They come to my office. I'll have my wife

see to it that all of her letters are espe cially addressed to the second-floor flat. You can tell the postman which floor we live on, and it will be all right." "But, suh," gloomly persisted the black janitor, "yo' all bofe will use de same lumb waituh, an' dey'll sho' be a mes 'bout de ice an' milk an' g'oce'ys an'-an' de res' o' de stuff." "Say, wasn't I here first," irascibly in-



Blew a Blast.

here two hours ahead of that other fellow What's the matter with his writing his full name on his letter-box card?' "Ah dun ask him, suh," said the janitor, "an' he say he wouldn't."

First on the Scene.

postman at the head of the stairs.

"Mrs. Jackson?" inquired the postman.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jackson No. 1, extending her hand for the letter.

"Who is that letter for, postman?" came from the third-floor landing.

"T. Jackson," replied the postman, withdrawing the letter from the outstretched hand of Mrs. Jackson No. 1.

"That's for my husband," aggrievedly said the latter, still holding her hand extended for the letter.

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Jackson No. 2, hurrying down the stairs, and glaring at Mrs. Jackson No. 1.

"There's two T. Jacksons here, aren't there?" inquired the postman, still hang-"Oh, he did, did he?" exclaimed Jackson No. 1. "And he wants me to put up my full name, does he, when I got here first? Well, not on all the cigarette coupons he owns, will I. You just take back my no to him, with my compliments. Make it double no. Make it any old number of noes that you want to. He wants to run the plant to suit himself, does he? Well, you just inform him that I was here first, and

that if there's going to be any name-extending he's it. that's all."
"Boss," replied the janitor, helplessly,
"Ah'll hev t' ask yo' all t' tell him dat
yo'se'f. Ah ain't a-lookin' fo no trouble, suh, an' de othuh Mistuh Jackson is 'citable gemman, suh. Ah couldn't tek no chanst a-tellin' him what yo' all say, suh-'deed Ah couldn't."

The prophecies of the janitor had an early vindication. The iceman carried a The prophecies of the janitor had an early vindication. The iceman carried a cake of ice into the basement on the following morning. The janitor had tacked a "T. Jackson" card over the tube leading to the second-floor flat and another "T. Jackson" card over the tube leading to the third-floor flat. The iceman looked at the two twin cards for half a minute, and then rubbed his eyes to find out if anything alied them or him. Then he yelled down the basement hall for the janitor.

"Hey," said the iceman to the janitor,"

"Do you actually suppose, madam," frigidly inquired Mrs. Jackson No. 2, "that your husband is the only tenant of this building who receives mail? Postman, you will be good enough to let me have that letter belonging to my husband."

"Where's the letter from?" suddenly interposed Mrs. Jackson No. 1. "What's the postmark on it?"

"Let's see," said the postman, deciphering the same room.

"Let's see," said the postman, deciphering the same room.

"Let's see," said the postman, deciphering the same room.

"He's only an amateur writer, isn't he?"

"Well, in some things he behaves like a regular professional."

"In what branch?"

"Plagiarism."—Philadelphia Press.

chirruped Mrs. Jackson No. 1. "Then it's not for my husband, I am sure. Mc-Swoopstown, did you say, postman? Dear me, such a name!"
"I'd be thankful if you'd be kind enough "Don't yo' all git convasashun'l wif me," replied the janitor, testily. "Ah's got trouble 'nuff. Dem cahds is all right."

to refrain from pawing over my husband's mail," icily remarked Mrs. Jackson, No. 2, after the postman had handed the letter to her, "and as for—"

Just at this stage of it there was a fierce interruption to the colloquy on the second floor landing. Mrs. Jackson, No. 1 had left her flat door open, and so had Mrs. Jackson No. 2. The Boston bull pup came swooping down the third floor stairs just at the moment the skye terrier pup emerged from the open door of the second floor flat. As soon as the Boston bull pup saw the skye terrier pup he made two jumps for it, landed on the skye terrier's neck, and proceeded to get extremely busy. The two Mrs. Jacksons screamed. Mrs. Jackson No. 2, the cwner of the Boston bull pup, became quite complaisant, however, when she saw that her own canine was getting all the better of the argument, but the shrill cries of Mrs. Lackson No. 1 covered the invitor from his Jackson No. 1 aroused the janitor from his basement lair. He quickly separated the two pups and handed them over at arm's length to their respective owners.

Dogs at Outs. "De dawgs'll hev t' go, ladies, ef dey scraps dis-a-way," said the janitor to the wo Mrs. Jacksons.

"That nasty little skye terrier thing start-

"Meat," Bawled the Boy.

ed it," exclaimed Mrs. Jackson No. 2. "He came running out in the hall with a vicious look in his eye and jumped on my inoffen-sive Muggsy, and—"
"Well, did you ever in all your born days!" cut in Mrs. Jackson No. 1. "Well, of all—janitor, is there a police station in the neighborhood? I'm going to have my husband make a complaint this very eve ing that there is a vicious dog in the

Then the doors of the two flats were peace reigned throughout the halls. Mrs. Jackson told her husband all about it when he got home that evening, and so did Mrs. Jackson No. 2 tell her husband all about it. The husbands received it all with grunts and "huhs!" and remarks about this or that being a deuce of a note, and observations about the gall some folks have, etc. On the following morning both of the T. Jacksons happened to start down the stairs together. They both reached the vestibule at the same time, and both fumbled around in their pockets for their mail box keys. They looked each other over curiously as they poked their keys into their respective

"Are you the T. Jackson that lives on the third floor?" asked Jackson No. 1, closing his mail box.
"Pretty near," replied Jackson No. 2, replacing his key in his pocket. "How many of 'em d'ye s'pose there are in the build-

Explanations.

"Oh. I just wanted to know, that's all," said Jackson No. 1, a grin beginning to flicker around his mouth. "Say, why don't you write out your name in full on your letter box, so's the people that come here to see us or to deliver stuff can tell us Jackson No. 2, seeing Jackson No. 1 grinning, began to grin a bit sheepishly

himself.
"Well, I'll tell you why I don't," he replied, confidentially and goodnaturedly.
"It's because my parents took advantage of my extreme youth and helplessness and bestowed upon me one of the blamedest, most idiotic names that ever sneaked into type; that's why. My name's Theo-phrastus, if you want to know. Say, can

Jackson No. 1 leaned against the door jamb and laughed. jamb and laughed.

"Well, old man, it's a dead heat," he said, when he could get his voice. "What d'ye s'pose my name is? Theophilus! How d'ye s'pose I'd look leading a german with a name like that—Theophilus Jackson! D'ye wonder that I don't tack that up all over the place?"

They strolled down to the corner and

ou blame me?

bought each other a cigar, took the same down-town car, and that same evening the two Jackson families commingled and foregathered in the flat of T. Jackson

ART NOTES.

'Phone Main 480, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.,

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When the patient is weak, the doctor says "Drink Beer."

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The doctor knows that malt and hops are nerve foods

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purity. Ask for the brewery bottling.

During the past fortnight a distinguished body of artists and art critics, the international jury of awards, has assembled in St. Louis. Every country, including the South American republics, China and the Island of Ceylon, has sent from one to three representatives, and the American members have been chosen from those who have won eminence in the various branches of their profession. They are as follows: In the department of painting-R. Swain Gifford, Will H. Low, H. W. Watrous, Francis C. Jones, Seymour Thomas, Thomas Allen, C. C. Cooper, E. C. Tarbell, T. C. Steel, Ralph Clarkson, E. H. Weurpel, Frank Duvencek, Cecella Beaux, Sarah C. Sears, Edwin Blashfield, C. Wiggans and F. P. Vinton. Illustrations-Louis Loeb, Howard Pyle and Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens. Wood engrav-ing-Henry Wolf, Frank French and G. T. Andrews. Sculpture-R. E. Brook, D. C. French, J. Q. A. Ward, Augustus St. Gaudens and Herbert Adams. Etching-C. F. Mielatz, J. D. Smilie and Joseph Pennell. Architecture—A. S. Beaman, M. L. Warren, J. B. Mauran, Walter Cook and F. M. Day. Applied arts-Howard Walker, Lockwood deForest, Chas. P. Davis, Wilson Eyre and E. A. Batchelder.

The medals which these juries are to award have been designed and modeled by Mr. Charles Graffy, the sculptor, and are to be cast at the Philadelphia mint. They are to be of four denominations-bronze, silver, gold and a grand prix, but similar in design. On the face is a figure of Columbia holding an oval-shaped shield, on which is on the reverse side is a symbolical figure of Fame, at whose feet are sitting Napoleon and Jefferson-makers of the Louisiana

Mr. Henry Hudson Kitson, who will be remembered in this city as the sculptor of one of the most interesting designs entered in the Grant memorial competition, has recently modeled a medal which is to be given annually, henceforth, through the generosity of Mr. Samuel Cabot, by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for excellence in the department of physical tries for which must be made before Notraining. It is three inches in diameter, to be of bronze, and of both attractive and appropriate design.

* *
Attention was called last year at the time of the National Educational Society's con- year. vention in Boston to the care taken by the Museum of Fine Arts to make its collections intelligible to the general public. Not only does that institution publish monthly bulletins as hand books for the visitor, but at that time the curators of the various collections personally conducted parties of teachers through their departments. During the past few years lectures have been given occasionally upon the art of various ages illustrated by the museum collections, and now a more complete course of the same order is being arranged in co-operation with Simmons College. The desire is not only to make the museum more popunot, as has been so often supposed, entirely at that time the curators of the various not only to make the museum more popu-lar, but also more valuable to the general public and to offer to all an opportunity to become acquainted in a truly scholarly way with its treasures. Could the resources of our local museums and galleries be made available in the same manner it would be most desirable. As it is a large majority of the people who visit them pass through them more or less blindly.

more space allotted to it. The little reading and great skill, and to be collectively a valuable addition to the sculpture of Amerroom, which now occupies the end of the south gallery, is to be moved into the scuthwest pavilion and the division will be permitted to expand into the entire south gallery, along the walls of which are to be placed cases for the reception of prints. At almost no time during the summer has the art reading room been unoccupied and the interest displayed in the exhibits of etchings and engravings got together under the supervision of the print division has been most gratifying to those in charge. A special exhibition of mezzo-tint portraits is projected for the early fall.

There is now on exhibition in Veerhoff's window a Venetian sunset by Mr. Lucien Powell which is in every way noteworthy. It is well composed, colorful and luminous, and at the same time excellent in tone Mr. Powell is now in Arizona making studies in the Grand Canyon. He writes enthusiastically of the grandeur of the scenery, comparing the rock formations to a lost city of temples, but declares its transcription to canvas the most difficult problem he has yet had to solve.

Already arrangements have been made for many of the winter exhibitions, dates set and circulars sent out. Chicago is purposing holding in January a portrait exhibition which promises to become interestingly important. Works by Sargent, Zorn, Whistler, Boldini, Melchers, Madrazo, Thayer and others have been secured by the committee, and private owners have quite generally signified a willingness to

In December, from the 6th to the 25th, the annual Arts and Crafts exhibition will



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It is not only hot, but full of rich flavor, and makes the very best salad dressing.

10c at your grocer's. Colburn's Pepper and Spices 5c and 10c-your noney back if you don't like them. The A Colburn Co Philadelphia



be held in the Chicago Art Institute, envember 12. So greatly has the interest grown during the past three years in this branch of artistic activity, and so skillful have become the craftsmen of our country that this early winter display is now considered one of the most notable of the year.

The pottery department of the Art Institute, which was organized but a few years ago, is accomplishing, it is said, some more than clever work. It owns two of the not, as has been so often supposed, entirely lacking in the average American.

The three pairs of bronze doors for the Boston Public Library, upon which Mr. Daniel Chester French has been working for several years, were recently exhibited in New York at the bronze founder's. They * *

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The little reading and "Truth" and "Inspiration." They are said to be modeled with much feeling and great skill and to be collectively and the collectively

> The portraits of the mayors of Baltimore, which hang in the municipal council chambers, have been treated to a cleaning, and thereby have figuratively renewed their youth. Removing the stain of dust and was intrusted, discovered one, a likeness of Samuel Smith, to be by Gilbert Stuart, and to be in an excellent state of preservation. Among the others five were found to be by Rembrandt Peale and one by Thomas Sully.

The Railway Exchange building of Chicago is to have a series of elaborate mural decorations painted by Oskar Gross, an Austrian artist, who is said to have executed important commissions in the east. The series consists of a frieze twenty-eight feet long by five and one-half in breadth, several lunettes and a number of panels. The subject of the principal painting is a "Feast of Bacchus."

* *
The Spanish Biennial International Art Exhibition is being held this summer in Madrid, it having been postponed last year on account of financial reasons. It consists of more than 1,500 paintings, over 300 sculptures, architectural drawings, etchings, etc., which are said to be crowded into inadequate space; but barring this difficulty it has been pronounced better than in former years, when extreme impressionism was more in vogue.

last night?" asked the first clubman.
"I didn't," replied the other. "I got to
the front door at 2 a.m., but my wife was
on the other side."—Philadelphia Press.